

THROUGH CENTRAL AFRICA WITH JAMES BARNES

Adventures of a New York Explorer on a 4,000 Mile Trip With Cherry Kearton Across the Dark Continent--Hunting Big Game With the Rifle and Camera Over Stanley's Old Trail



The explorer and a waterbuck that fell to his rifle.

LOTS of adventures were encountered by James Barnes of New York, author and explorer, and Cherry Kearton of London, photographer of big game, in a 4,000 mile journey across Africa which started from Mombasa in British East Africa on the shore of the Indian Ocean, and ended a year later at the mouth of the Congo River on the Atlantic coast. The purpose of the expedition was to obtain motion pictures illustrating native life in remote parts of the Dark Continent and showing wild animals in their natural surroundings. As fruits of the expedition Mr. Barnes has presented 6,000 feet of moving picture film to the American Museum of Natural History. The story of the expedition is related by Mr. Barnes in his book "Through Central Africa from East to West."

"The expedition spent five weeks in hunting with the camera a few days journey from Nairobi."

"Our party had now been joined by Fritz Schindler," writes Mr. Barnes, "who had gone back to his former occupation, that of risking his life. Poor Fritz, he did it once too often. After having assisted in the death of perhaps sixty lions he was fatally mangled by one in January, 1914."

"An old hunter once observed to me: 'Yes, it's a good life, but keep after lion and elephant long enough and one of them will get you sooner or later.' In the bleak walled cemetery at Nairobi there are ten or twelve graves of men who didn't quit soon enough, the lion (and in every case, so far as I could ascertain, a wounded one) being responsible for the epitaphs."

Fritz was a 'card' if there ever was one. If a man who had never shot or hunted very much wished for sensations he had but to engage the services of this adventurous Austrian. He was a compound of four favorite characters in fiction, Natty Bumppo, Allan Quatermain, Tarzan of the Apes, and D'Artagnan. As a hunter he was reckless to the verge of madness."

"I can see Fritz now, digging his heels into the little Somali pony, shouting like a Comanche Indian, sweating himself hoarse, but keeping close to the lion than was necessary except for the purpose of tempting fate. When the beast was shot and lying dead Fritz's emotion still had the better of him. He took the lion's head on his lap, caressed and talked to it, and then jumping to his feet without a word of warning fired two shots into the carcass. Taking out his skinning knife afterward he searched for the animal's heart, cut off a piece of it, and ate it raw. 'An old Masai taught me that,' he said. 'It is lucky to do, and keeps you brave.'"

Where Are the Birds of Belgium?

WHERE are the birds of Belgium? Every one who has known the Belgium of the past will ask himself this question in thinking of some of the admirable Flemish restaurants he has visited. For the Belgians were a nation of bird-eaters, and in this little country as in Italy every variety of bird was pressed into service.

No one who has been through the forests of the Ardennes will fail to recall how strangely silent they were, how lacking in bird songs, for the wholesale slaughter of the birds went on until one wondered where the little song birds appearing on their pieces of bread came from. Now with the noise of battle over all the land, the constant cannonading has frightened away even the boldest of the native birds.

Grives were the aristocrats of Belgian game birds, and one of the most delectable dishes known to the Belgian cuisine was grives a la Namuroise. Thousands of grives were served daily in autumn in restaurants, and as no Belgian dinner is considered complete without a bird of some sort, just where so many came from always remained a mystery. A grive is a thrush, but blackbirds and starlings, so nearly of

the same size, often masqueraded in the Belgian casseroles as thrushes. Then beside grives there were woodcock and snipe and the because a la Champagne to be had in restaurants in Brussels and Antwerp was a delicious morsel indeed. At Mons and at Liege and Charleroi every year there was a great fete day called a woodcock feast at which the succulent birds were cooked in a variety of ways. A little wax candle was placed beside the plate of each diner and in its flame he would frizzle the tiny head of the woodcock and eat its brains, which were considered a great delicacy.

The partridges of Louvain were famous for their plumpness and delicious flavor, perhaps because of the fact that they fed upon the beet root cultivated there by hundreds of acres for the great beet sugar factories. Black cock is served too as coq de Bruyere. Woodcock in season used to be the specialty of the Fille Dechiree, a famous little restaurant in Brussels. "Ganges du Japon," often served in the finer restaurants in Brussels, was simply Japanese partridge. These birds often migrated to northern Africa in winter and made their way thence to Spain, where they were caught in large numbers and finally taken to Belgium, where they were bred. They had flesh of fine flavor and plumpness.

he has heard them a-plenty, shouting in the night. It is curious that as the settlers' houses increase the lion gives up roaring, and they say that a man eater, though he may haunt a district for a long time, is always silent."

The members passed through the woodland extending along the foothills of the Rwenzori Mountains, where one day they caught a glimpse of the gleaming peaks away above the high forest covered, blue gray hills. There lay exposed for a feet-

ing space of time nearly thirty miles of gleaming ice and snow. It was thus that Stanley had seen them twenty-six years before; the far famed and mysterious Mountains of the Moon, the Lunae Montes of Herodotus."

Taking pictures of elephants in a forest glade is not always fun. There are obstacles and some dangers. Early one morning the explorers built a platform of reeds among the lower branches of a tree and from this vantage point awaited the advent of a herd of elephants."

Many ants were also in this tree, and they were of a belligerent variety, and as Mr. Barnes says, "left a stinging reminder of their presence." Suddenly one of the natives in the forest began a pantomime.

"It was the best imitation of an elephant I have ever seen," says Mr. Barnes. "He swayed from side to side with both arms held straight in front of him and we saw that he meant to convey the idea that there was a large bull elephant near by. Climbing further up the tree, I could see a splendid bull elephant standing half in and half out of the forest about 200 yards away and out of range of the camera. He had magnificent tusks that would probably go over a hundred pounds apiece."

"It was a rare chance for the ivory hunter, for the wind was blowing from his direction. We could not get that confounded native to go away."

"I indulged in some pantomime on my own part, but he could not understand. Still beckoning, he disappeared in the direction of the big bull. The idea seized me that perhaps he was going to attack the animal with a spear alone. At all events he stood a good chance of driving the herd back into the wood, for there were others with the bull, a fact that we were now certain of from the crashing and tearing of branches that was distinctly audible. A little later a herd of eight young bulls and five or six cows emerged from the forest. Suddenly they stopped out of camera range, stood there in line and then like gray ghosts shuffled noiselessly back and disappeared."

Facial disfigurement is common among certain tribes in Africa. The first people the explorers met on the Irumu trail were the Bahema, former cannibals and evidently in their primitive state.

"The Bahema females in their endeavor to improve upon nature in-

ent stock. The Walese are warlike and very truculent. The great majority disdain any open allegiance to the Belgian authority and for some time past have paid no tribute to the Government."

"The Walese are still cannibals. We had quite a little to do with them afterward and we liked neither their ways nor their manners. Taken altogether they are about as bad a lot of savages as we encountered, and living as they do in the forest a complete subjugation of these people would be quite impossible with any force, at least that the Government could now bring to meet them."

Among the pictures taken by the travellers in going through Irumu

plain, green as an English lawn, into the broadest, sweetest daylight. Well could I imagine his sensations."

"The explorers tarried at several pygmy villages in the forest, although the light was not favorable for taking pictures."

"These pygmies," says Mr. Barnes, "are altogether different from those to be found north of Ituri; they seem to be stronger and better built."

"These little men of the forest stand from 3 feet 8 inches to about 4 feet 2 inches in height when full grown. Their communities are not large and are said to consist of from fifty to sixty people. They are wanderers and constantly move from one part of the forest to another."

says Mr. Barnes, "but in my opinion he was a Zanzibari who had deserted from Stanley's caravan, as to our surprise he spoke a few words of English and could call some of Stanley's companions by name. Especially did he remember Dr. Parke, whom he described in fluent Swahili as a 'Musungu Musuri sana,' a very good white man indeed."

A surprise was in store for the explorers at Avakubi, for here they met fellow countrymen. Both leaders of the expedition exchanged greetings with Dr. Christy, representing the Congo Museum at Brussels, and James Chapin of the American Museum of Natural History, New York. For more than five years young Chapin had been



Mr. Barnes with a lion he has just shot.

collecting in the heart of Africa with his chief, Herbert Lang, who is now in the dark continent.

Continuing on their journey the explorers sighted a village, their arrival being announced by the booming of wooden drums. An energetic drummer thumping a hollowed log with great drumsticks weighted with large balls of native rubber was the operator. His pounding stopped, and then down stream another drum began pounding. Pom, pom, pom-pom, pom, pom, went the far away drum, and then there came a pause. Getting a message in return, the operator hit the hollow log a couple of strokes as if to say "Message received—O. K."

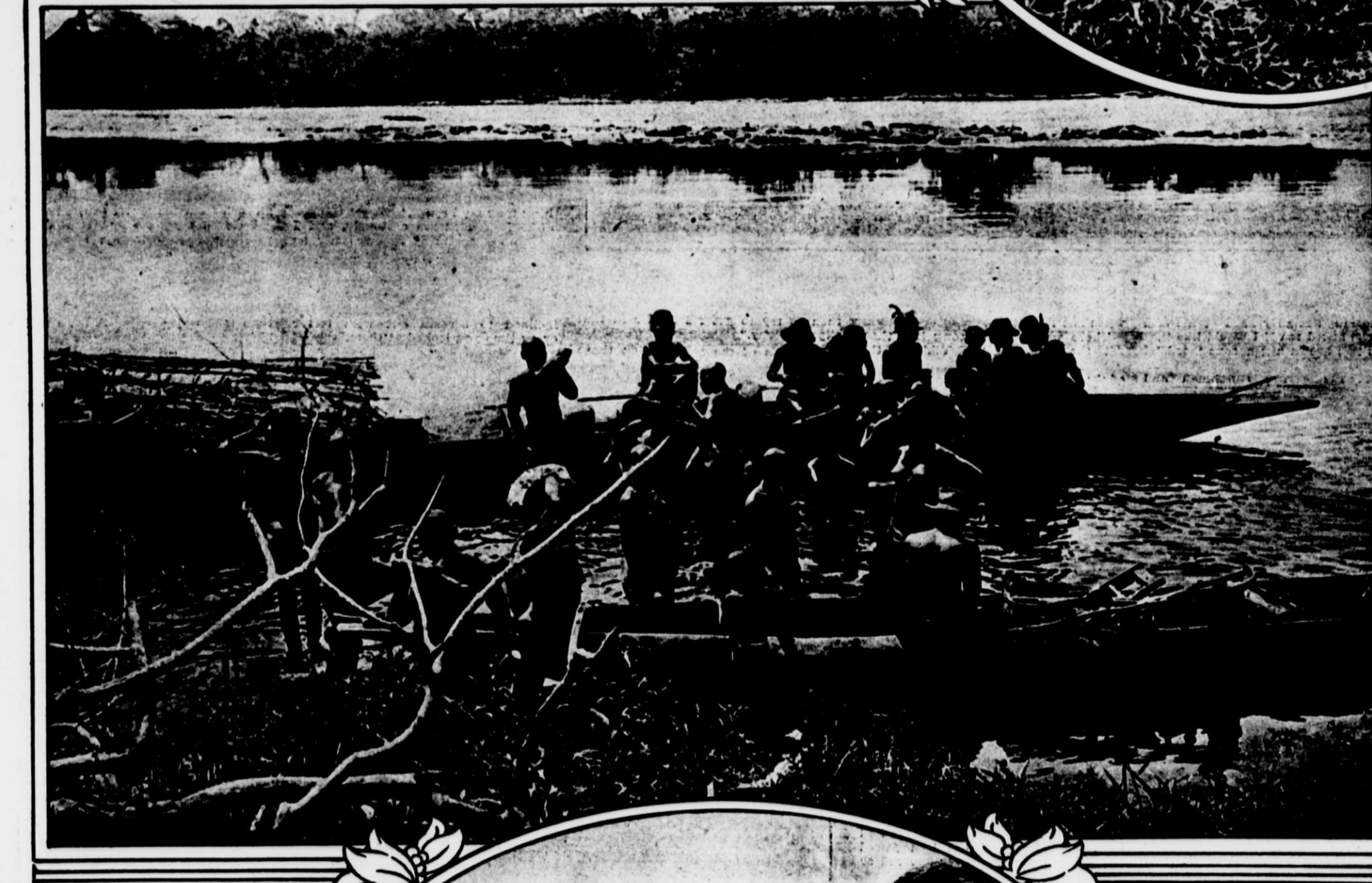
This evidently was the African wireless system, which has also been described by James Chapin of the Lang-Chapin expedition. "Everywhere," says Mr. Barnes, "the news of our approach was heralded by the drums."

In strolling through a large native village Mr. Barnes and his companion met an interesting character. He was old Lupo, whom Stanley mentions and who was his guide upon the river. "He was a tall man; his face deeply pitted with smallpox, he had, nevertheless, remarkable dignity. But he was slowly going blind, and on this very day was turning over the chieftainship of the village to a younger man. The sub-chiefs and head men were all assembled, and we took photographs of part of the ceremony."

Earlier in the journey the explorers visited Neumann's historic camp, "where he had once built a big grass house and laid out a garden while he trafficked with the natives for ivory. Neumann was banished by the Government and came to a tragic end."

Mr. Barnes's New York studio is an interesting museum of African trophies, including heads of big game and elephant tusks of huge dimensions. The heads of big game were mounted by James L. Clark, also a hunter of renown, who has prepared a number of specimens shot in the field by Col. Roosevelt. The elephant tusks are the prize trophies of the Barnes studio.

Mr. Barnes's book is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. It is illustrated by Cherry Kearton.



The party's bearers at Yam-buya, on the Arumimi River.

Mr. Barnes bagged a lion himself. "It is not every one," he says, "who visits Africa who sees a live lion. I know a man who for eight years has been a resident of an outlying district, and has never yet seen one, although



Sleeping quarters of the explorers in the Samburra country.

Stanley's "Starvation Camp," where his rear guard died.

The explorers followed a new path to Avakubi, the old Mawambi trail having been abandoned. At Camp na Mambuti they met a strange character—a sub-chief named Musa. "He claimed to be originally a Manyema."

Mere Man and Woman's Fancy Work

"AND yet," said one of the group of men who had been discussing the new feminism.

"In some things I believe all women retain certain traits of children. You all know how a child, building a house of blocks, for example, will call upon you to watch every step of the progress of his work, and then when the structure has been completed expect you to admire as though it had that instant burst upon your sight."

"There is my wife, who is fond of embroidering, work which she really does in a superior manner. Purchasing a new pattern from the store, she invariably shows it to me, explains the beauties of it, tells just how the work is to be done and what it will look like when filled in and embroidered. I am expected to admire it."

"Every pattern, of course, is composed of a reproduction of certain designs, sprigs, flowers, series of holes, or what not and a scalloped border. Each design, as it is completed, my wife will exhibit with pleasure, if not pride, and I must admire and exclaim at its possibilities and the excellence of her handwork."

"After it has been in her hands

night after night, sometimes for weeks and sometimes for months, depending upon the size of the pattern and the time my wife has to devote to the pleasure of embroidering, it is finished. Then I must examine the stitching and the general effect of the whole thing as though I had not done so in effect a dozen times or more."

"You may say that this would be all right and is to be expected from a young bride, but it has been going on in my home for twenty-five years, and I verily believe that if I did not admire and exclaim and make comparisons between one piece of my wife's work and another she would either give up embroidery or lose more than half her pleasure in it. And I have noticed the same condition in the home life of other long married couples of my acquaintance."

"There are other things in which women show their retention of childhood characteristics, but this will serve as an illustration. None of us, I fancy, would like them all to disappear. For my part, I hope this and others will continue to be present until old eyes can no longer see to make the fine stitches and aged hands fall idly beside the work that gives my wife so much pleasure."